

W. Smith in the Character of King Henry.



See here are Letters fall'n into my hands.

Act IV.

Published by Harrison & Co May 1. 1781.

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ANNA BULLEN;

O R,

VIRTUE BETRAY'D.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By Mr. BANKS.



L O N D O N;

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; and Sold, likewise by
J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Booksellers.

M DCC LXXXI.

PROLOGUE.

TO all impartial judges in the pit,
And ev'ry beauteous patroness of wit,
I'm sent to plead the poet's cause, and say,
There's not one slander in his modest play:
He brings before your eyes a modern story,
Yet maddles not with either Whig or Tory.
Was't not enough, wain men of either side,
Two roses once the nation did divide?
But must it be in danger now again,
Betwixt our Scarlet and Green Ribbon men?
Who made this difference were not England's friends:
Be not their tools to serve their plotting ends.
Damn the state-sop, who here his zeal discovers,
And o'er the stage, like our ill genius, hovers:
Give us a pit of drunkards, and of lovers;
Good sanguine men, who mind no state-affair,
But bid a base world of itself take care.
We hope there lives not so abhor'd a thing,
But loves his country, and would serve his king.
But in your parties why should we engage,
Or meddle with the plots of a mad age?
We lose enough by those upon the stage.
Welcome mast-teazer, peevish gamester, buffer;
All fools but politicians we can suffer:
A God's name, let each keep to his vocation;
Our trade is to mend you, and not the nation.
Besides, our author bath this farther end,
'Tis not enough if but one side's his friend,
He needs you all his weakness to defend;
And, to oblige you to't, hopes he has shown
No country but men braver than your own.
His heroes all to England are confin'd;
To your own fathers (sure) you will be kind.
He brings no foreigners to move your pity,
But sends them to a jury of the city.

Like Gladiators then you straight resort,
And crowd to make your Nero-faction sport.
But what's more strange, that men of sense should do it,
For worrying one another pay the poet:
So butchers at a baiting take delight,
For him that keeps the bears, to roar and fight;
Both friends and foes such authors make their game,
Who have your money, that was all their aim:
No matter for the play, nor for their wit,
The better farce is acted in the pit.
Both parties to be cheated will agree,
And swallow any nonsense, so it be
With faction sae'd, and gilt with loyalty.
Here's such a rout with whigging and with torying,
That you neglect your dear-lov'd sin of whoring:
The visor-mast that ventur'd her half-crown,
Finding no hopes but here to be undone,
Like a cast mistress pass her dear delight,
Turns godly straight, and goes to church in spite;
And does not doubt, since you are grown so sickle,
To find more cullies in a conventicle:
We on the stage stand still, and are content
To see you act what we should represent.
You use us like the women that ye woo;
You make us sport, and pay us for it too.
Well, we're resolv'd that in our next play-bill,
To print at large a trial of your skill,
And that five hundred monsters are to fight;
Then more will run to see so strange a sight,
Than the Morocco, or the Moscovite.

Dramatis Personæ,

M E N.

King HARRY.
CARDINAL.
NORTHUMBERLAND.
PIERCY.
ROCHFORD.

W O M E N.

ANNA BULLEN.
Lady DIANA TALEBOT.
Lady ELIZABETH BLUNT.
Young Princess ELIZABETH.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants and Guards,
SCENE, LONDON.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs, your kind opinions now, I pray,
Of this our neither Whig nor Tory play:
To blow such coals our conscious muse denies;
Wit, sacred wit, such subjects should despise.
The author says, his Heliconian stream
Is not yet drain'd to such a low extreme,
T' abuse one party with a cursed play,
And bribe the other for a large third day.

ANNA BULLEN.

ACT I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

North. **T**HIS is the day shall crown your parents' wishes,

And long-expected hopes; the king intends
To publish straight his marriage with your sister,
And make her known by th' title of a queen.
The reason, why it was so long kept secret,
Was our great Cardinal's delays, and tricks
Of Rome, which Harry has with frowns discover'd;
But since, in spite of Wolsey and the conclave,
By reverend Cranmer has the cause been try'd;
And Kath'rine is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Hear'n be my witness, brave Northum-
It joys not me, but that it is his pleasure, [berland!
Whose happiness we are all bound to pray for:
And may my sister's crown sit lighter on
Her brow, than does the honour upon mine.
Something of boding whispers to my soul,
And tells me, oh! this marriage will be fatal—

North. My lord, this is severe to all that love you,
And you reflect unkindly on your fortune.

Roch. My lord, it had been kindly done of For-
T have seen my sister wedded to her vows, [tune,
Your Percy's wife; and not at one time made her
Both cruel to the queen and false to him.

North. You know, my lord, we all are witnesses
With what remorse she took the regal burden.

Roch. What will she do when she shall understand
Our foul designs, and Percy's innocence?
His letters to her that you intercepted,
And counterfeited others to deceive her,
To make her once believe that he was married?
But what a mortal grief will seize your son,
When he shall find his mistress was betray'd,
And forc'd to marry one she cannot love!

North. To prevent that, soon as he's come to
court,
I'll make a match between him and the heiress
Of Shrewsbury.

Roch. A very gallant lady;
Virtuous, beautiful, and richer
Than all her generation of that sex.

North. Her father
Brings her this day on-purpose from the country:
But the queen thinks already they are marry'd.

Roch. And are you sure to gain your son's consent
To what he has been till so obstinate?

North. Rage and despair, when he shall find her
Will make him rashly change to any state; [false,
And make himself, though much against his will,
The happiest man that ever was on earth.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey musing.
Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blustering carcase.

Roch. The popedom now, and all the wealth in
Can scarcely recompense him for the fright [Rome,
This news has put him in—See how he staggers,
Giddy with th' height his pride has rais'd him to.

[*Exeunt North. and Roch.*

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his queen!
Kath'rine divorc'd, and Anna Bullen marry'd!
Now, by our holy father's triple crown,
It must not, cannot, nay, it shall not be.
A Luth'ran queen upon the throne of England!
She to lie in the bosom of our prince!
A buxom king, that for a wanton smile
Will pawn his faith, and turn a heretick!

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake, thou wretched dreaming priest;
look up;

Can you behold your proud St. Peter shake?
The mighty pillar of that spreading church,
That holds the great religion of the world,
To stagger, and bestow no help, no aid
From mighty Wolsey's shoulders to support it?

Card. What does the fairest mean?

Blunt. Bullen is queen; the crown you promis'd
me

Now wreaths her head—Are these the hopes you
gave me,

When once you said my son should be a king?
The news not stir your wonder! Hell and furies!

Card. Have patience, Madam.

Blunt. Preach it to the winds.
To those that feel the rack of inquisition—
Curse on your gown-apologies; but more
Be curs'd the time of Bullen's fatal birth;
Wrinkles like age anticipate her youth;
Mildews and blasts devour her wanton beauties.

Card. Study some act that may revenge this fury.
This hurts no more than barks of coward curs;
She lives, and is as beautiful as ever.

Be rul'd by me; who, like a dreadful piece,
Am sure to kill, where'er I take my aim.

Blunt. Oh, tell me how to quench this fire with-
That burns me up with thoughtful injury. [in!

Card. An easy way I'll chalk to your revenge;
A road not steep, nor dangerous, but smooth;
So unexpected, and so fatal too,
That the queen's fancy and deluded genius
Shall tempt her in the same dissembled path,
Taking her by the other hand with us,
And lead her in the pit prepar'd for her.

Blunt. Go on, my Wolsey, charming as the
young,

And more melodious than a choir of angels.

Card. This then it is: the king you know's in-
And jealous, and as teffy as old age; [constant,
So cov'tous of the pleasure he possesses,
That he who does but look upon't must die,
With her, who's innocent charms did force him to't.

Blunt. But how shall we be back'd with a pretence?

Card. 'Tis easy to give fire to that fond breast
That is already charg'd with jealous sulphur :
The queen loves Piercy, that may be a means ;
And spies may be laid every where to watch
Their private meetings, and their very looks,
And then acquaint the hot-brain'd king with it.
So straight their joyful destinies are seal'd.

Blunt. Most admirable !

Card. If we fail in this,
Some cry'd up beauty, ne'er yet seen at court,
Must be found out, to tempt
And take the am'rous king.

Blunt. Thou godlike priest !

Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd bosom.

Card. Go straight, and haste about th' intelligence.

Blunt. I will. Good fortune has been so propitious,

To make young Rochford, Anna Bullen's brother,
Enamour'd of my beauty ; him I'll mould,
Sound ev'ry thought of his unguarded soul,
Till I've discover'd from him our design
Of Piercy's love, and of his sister's conduct.

Card. An accident, the luckiest that could happen !
Behold the queen in her first state and greatness—
But yet she bears it with no welcome mien :
Piercy hangs heavy on her heart, and in her eyes ;
It works, it manages, as we would have it :
And in her heedless innocence she fails,
Shunning no rocks, no quicksands, nor no danger,
But runs into her ruin faster than
We wish.

Blunt. Her crown is hideous to my sight ;
It's jewels fatal as the eyes of basilisks :
Oh, Cardinal ! this rival queen and I
Should never meet but in the scales of death,
That weigh all mortals even and alike.

Queen Anne appears seated upon a Throne. Northumberland, Rochford, Lords, Ladies, Attendants, and Guards about her.

North. Immortal live great queen of England,
And Ireland, and for ever rule the heart [France,
Of conqu'ring Henry, as he reigns o'er us
And all his faithful subjects—
I speak it as the wishes and the voice
Of your most loyal kingdoms ; to confirm it,
Sound straight your loudest instruments of joy,

[Shouts and trumpets within.]

Queen. These sounds might lift another to the
heav'ns !

But what is musick to the ear that's deaf !

[Trumpets and shouts again.]

Cease, ye more empty flatterers than winds !
Be silent as the sorrows in my breast :
If ye will give me ease, forbear such flatteries.
My noble lords,

I know you all are loyal to the king,
And for his sake you are thus kind to me :
But for the rabble, who can read that sphynx ?
Their very breath that now proclaims, with joy,
Sad Katherine to be no longer queen,
And my unwelcome coronation,
Would the same moment, should my stars permit,
Shout louder at the sentence of my death.

Card. Most glorious and belov'd of England's
Oh, lay not on our nation such a curse, [queens !
As a suspicion of it's faith to you !

Queen. They have my thanks, next kind good-
natur'd Woolsey,

It cannot but be real, 'cause he says it.

Card. Oh, that your majesty would think so ever ;
And that my proud endeavours, with success, &
First whisper'd in the bosom of the king

The secret wonders of your mind and person,
And made him soon discover all your beauties,
Those rare perfections that above your sex
Have merited his passion and his crown.

Queen. Oh, reverend, pious, best of Cardinals !
Who too well knows
By whose high hand I climb'd this malic'd greatness,
And wear this envy'd crown.

Card. Ten thousand saints more than my royal
Are witnesses to th' truth of what I say. [master,

Queen. My lords, if there's no more for you to
To perfect or unmake this ceremony, [ad,
(Oh, that it could be done !) retire a while,
And leave me with my women for some moments—
If I'm a queen, why am I not obey'd ?

Card. We'll all perform your majesty's command,
[Exeunt all but her women,

Queen. Am I got loose ! Oh, sacred solitude !
How airy and delightful are thy walks !
No stinging serpent, nor worse infect, man,
Disturb thy fragrant and enamell'd paths ;
Nothing broods there but an eternal spring,
Mild as all May, and beautiful as Eden.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady Diana Talbot begs admittance,
To pay her duty to your majesty.

Queen. What say'st ! Thou'st rous'd a dragon in
my breast,
Which I had thought for ever to have hush'd.

Lady. Shall she be brought to your presence ?

Queen. Ay—No—Yes—

Do any thing, so 'twill be sure to kill me ;
Oh, Piercy ! Piercy ! would thou ne'er hadst been
Unfaithful ; or, at least, in being so,
Hadt never taught me how to be reveng'd :
But, oh ! the dismal pain is all my own.

Enter Lady Diana Talbot, kneeling.

Rise, dear Diana, you have been a stranger ;
Could nothing but a queen drag you to court ?
I owe this kindness to my royalty,
And not your friendship.

Diana. Pardon, mighty princeess !
I had been blest'd for ever in your presence,
Had I been mistress of my inclinations.
But—

Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'll allow you reason,
A cause so indispensable and just,
That 'twere a fault in me to blame such virtue.

Diana. Indeed a parent's will ought still to be
Obey'd next duty to your majesty.

Queen. And something yet more binding—Do not
blush—

Come, I'll unriddle all, and spare your tongue
The trouble, and your bashful cheeks the fire.

Diana. What fire, what blushes, do you tax me
I feel not any but what wonder raises ; [with ?
And blush, because I cannot comprehend.

Queen. You are unkind ; why make it you a secret ?
And but to me, when all the world reports it.

Diana. There is no secret, nothing I would hide
From so ador'd a friendship as my queen's.

Queen. Why d'you suspect me then ? [Aside.]
How loth she is

To tell it me ! as loth as I to hear it.

You had not own it then ? but 'tis no matter.

[To Diana.]

When saw you Piercy ?

Diana. Piercy, Madam !

[She starts.]

Queen. Yes ;

Why did you start ? Has he a name so horrid ?

Him you would hide, but cannot hide your blushes.

Diana. Good Heav'n ! by what strange miracle
have you

Reveal'd my secret passion to the queen? [*Aside.*]

I never told my grievance but to you,
And that but silently in broken sighs
And stifled tears—

Queen. 'Tis plain she is disturb'd—

What can this mean? Sure one of us is mad!
Henceforth I'll know the persons better, out
Of whom I mean to chuse a friend—Farewell—
Piercy, no doubt, is not so fondly nice, [*quest.*]
Who brags, and tells the world of his proud con-

Diana. Forgive me first, then give me leave to
tell you—

How 'twas disclos'd to you, the wonder stuns me,
This secret which I thought scarce Heav'n found
out.

Yet I'll confess: [*Kneels.*]

A fatal truth it is; Piercy I love—
Now pity me, and quench my tott'ring blushes:
For Heav'n reveal'd it for no ill.

Queen. Ingrateful woman!
Wouldst have me think thy lawful passion such a
wonder!

Is it a crime for thee to love thy husband?

Diana. Ha! what's that you say? My husband,
said you?

Meant you to mock th' unfortunate Diana?

Queen. No, I will say't again; thy perjur'd
husband!

Diana. Ah, royal Madam! Piercy is more blest'd;
We are not marry'd; he is not my husband.

Queen. Ha! [*Aside.*]

Diana. That were to me too great a happiness!

Queen. Should this be true, what would become
of me? [*Aside.*]

Diana. rise! Are you not his wife?

Diana. By all your precious hopes
And mine, I'm not.

Queen. Is Piercy then not marry'd?
Support me, Heav'n! and with a wonder save me;
[*Aside.*]

Call all thy virtue and thy courage straight
To help thee now, or thou art lost for ever.
It has been long reported,

That you and Piercy were in private marry'd.

Diana. Such a report came likewise to my hear-
ing; [*not.*]

But how 'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know

Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know.
[*Aside.*]

This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your friend.

Diana. Best of queens!

Thus on my knees I ought to beg that pardon:
I own I did offend my gracious mistress.

Queen. Rise to my arms—This kiss now seals
For ever. [*three mine*]

Diana. Oh, most admirable goodness!

Queen. Oh, for some wild, some desert, to com-
Some vast and uninhabitable place; [*plain in,*]

Or else some precipice that butts the ocean,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,

Than false and cruel mankind is to me.

Diana. You seem disturb'd! Ah! what inhuman
Dares seize your royal breast? [*grief*]

Queen. These are the first miseries, the rest
Come rolling on apace; and, Kath'rine, now
Thou art reveng'd!—Just Heav'n, whose is the sin?

Punish not me, I sought not to be queen;
But Henry's guilt amidst my pomp is weigh'd,

And makes my crown sit heavy on my head:
Ah! Kath'rine, do not envy me thy throne;

For thou art far more happy than hast none.

ACT II.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

Roch. THE news is strange you tell me of the
king.

North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the mean-
He came just now from hunting as his use, [*ing's*]
And at Sir Thomas Seymour's house he was
Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
At a repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
Amis?

North. No; quite contrary, so good-humour'd,
I never saw him in my life more pleasant;
But now, instead of going to the queen,

With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
He order'd all about him to retire; [*sey;*]

And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for Wol-
Wolsey, whom all men thought quite out of favour!

May not the queen, your sister, think you, be
The innocent occasion?

Roch. That's impossible!

For but last night he came to her apartment,
With all the heats and love that could inspire

A bridegroom, scarcely of an hour's making;
With haste he ran, and where he should have sat,

He kneel'd down by her as his deity;
Printing soft kisses on her lovely hand,

And sigh'd as if he had been still a wooing.

North. Right Harry still; for by this flood of
The nearer he's to ebb and change. [*passion,*]

Roch. See! the king.

North. You're brother to his wife, and may be
bold;

But I'll not venture. [*Exit North.*]

Enter King Henry.

King. Who are you, that durst press on my re-
tirement?

Ha, Bullen! get thee from my sight—Be gone—
[*Exit Roch.*]

Who waits there? Why am I thus troubled?
Let none but Wolsey dare to be admitted.

Who can withstand so vast a shock of beauties,
[*To the Attend.*]

So many wonders in so bright a form?
Who's there? the Cardinal? [*He sits down.*]

Enter Wolsey.

Card. The humblest vassal of his god-like master.

King. Come hither, Sir—I sent for thee, my
Wolsey;

And dost not wonder, when but yesterday
I took from thee the seal and chancellor's place?

But 'tis no matter; do not care, I say;
I love you still, in spite of all your foes—

You have malicious enemies at court;
Besides, the queen, my lord, is no good friend

Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I, that have incur'd
My king's displeasure, and my queen's dire hatred!

But m'innocence, when I am dead, perhaps,
May to my royal master, though too late,

Appear.

King. Talk not of death, good Cardinal,
For I have business with thee first—

Oh, Wolsey! be to me but half so kind
As I shall be to thee. Seymour, my father!

The lovely Seymour whom thou told'st me of,
I did devour her beauties from thy lips,

And fed my ears with the delicious feast;
But since, I've seen this wonder of her sex!

The charming'st creature e'er adorn'd the world;
And find her all as far above thy praises,
As heav'n can be beyond man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. Oh, yes, my Wolsey!

And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected.

King. Help thy prince!

Why art so slow? Has Wolsey lost his courage?

That wit that emperors and popes has sway'd—

Thou hast a mine within that subtle breast,

The stone which dull philosophy has toil'd

In vain for—Make me master of thy Indies—

Lend me thy wit to purchase Seymour for me.

Card. You have the means already in your hands;
Pow'r is the greatest charmer of that sex.

King. Command my pow'r, my kingdoms, to thy

Take thou my scepter, bind it to thy cross, [aid:

And to thy mitre add my humble crown;

'Tis all my Wolsey's; Wolsey shall be king:

I ask but only Seymour in exchange.

Card. You bid too much; send for her straight to

Make her a marchioness, or else a duchess: [court;

There's hardly now a woman but will sell

A foolish honour that none fees, for that

Which makes a noise and splendour in the world.

King. How thou deceiv'st my eager expectations!

This I have done without such rare advice:

But, oh, she's inflexible to all!

Deaf to the sounds of vanity and pomp,

And more remorseless than a saint or hermit;

That, oh, I fear, had I but what I covet,

The crown from Bullen's head, to offer her,

'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy prince's bed.

Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my pow'r
To help you.

King. Ha! false and ungrateful man!

Is that then all the hope your brain can give me?

Card. It is impossible, if she be virtuous,

That e'er she would be had by force or cunning:

Therefore apply this remedy a while,

Have but a little patience till 'tis lawful.

King. Traitor and pois'ner of thy master's rest,

Must I despair? Is that thy precious counsel?

To tell me what is lawful?

Card. Understand me.

King. Give me some hopes, or—

I'll crumble thee to dust, puff thee to nothing;

And make thee less, and more dejected far,

Than the base fellow that begot thee, priest.

Card. You will not give me leave to explain my—

Your fury will not let you understand me. [self,

When I advis'd to stay till it was lawful,

At the same time I meant to let you know,

'Twas not a thing so hard to bring to pass.

King. Ha! said again like Wolsey! Tell me
straight,

Quick, what can lawfully make Seymour mine?

Card. Make her your queen.

King. Make her my queen!

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream: what dost thou mean?
or how?

Card. Invest her head with Anna Bullen's crown?

King. Sure thou art mad, and would'st make me

What, whilst she lives? [so too—

Card. Ay, whilst she lives, I said:

Is that so strange a thing that ne'er was done,

Divorce her.

King. Ha!

Card. What is't that makes you start?

Divorce her, and take Seymour to your bed.

King. How! Take good heed what 'tis that
pullest upon

Thyself—Divorce my lawful, virtuous wife
Without a cause!

Could it be done, what would the nation say?

What would the action look like, but a hell,

To warn succeeding princes from the like,

And blot me from the scroll of pious kings.

Could it be lawful, Wolsey, I would hearken.

Card. Then lawful shall it be, in spite of scruples;

I see your conscience is an infant grown,

A child again, and wants to be instructed—

Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point

A way, the nicest conscience shall commend

And chuse it.

King. Now thou dost rejoice thy prince.

Card. What if she be unfaithful to your bed,

And prov'd so?

King. Ha! there's thunder in that word;

The bolt ran thro', and shiver'd me to pieces.

Disloyal to my bed! adul'trous! ha!

Saidst thou not so?

There hangs a shower of cordial in my reach,

To cure this horrid fit. Wolsey, beware

How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears;

Look to't, and see you wrong her not.

Speak how thou know'st it—Quick.

Card. Alas, my lord,

I never meant it enter'd in my own

Particular knowledge! but it is reported.

King. Reported, saidst thou? Is not that enough?

Report! Why, she's damn'd, if she's but thought

A whore, much more to be reported to be so.

I'll tumble her from the throne into a dungeon—

Name me the man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy!

Card. Yes, Sir, he's the man she doats on;

'Tis he lies deeper in her breast than ever;

For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes.

King. Is Piercy then at court?

Card. He is this day

Arriv'd.

King. How! come without my leave, say'st thou?

Card. He is no doubt, to consummate their joys,

Their signs and tokens to compare; which they,

By letters and devices in their absence,

Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir,

And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting furies!—Believe
thee.

Card. Nay, in your bed, and in her dreams, she
thinks on't.

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs,

And cheated hopes thou bring'st to my remem—
How all complaisances to me were dragg'd [brance,

And forc'd from her, like mirth from one in tor—
ture!

Sometimes I found her face all drown'd in tears,

With gales of sighs, just blowing off those storms

In fear away: sometimes again in blushes,

As if then all the wanton heat of love

Were darting thro' her eyes to meet my flame:

But when, with eager haste, I catch'd her in

These arms, and press'd her lips, alack! I found,

Instead of summer there, no ice so cold;

Instead of breath that would revive the dead,

No air so chill, no winter blasts so keen.

Card. Thus all her actions will be still to you:

The roses of her blood she keeps for him,

The thorns for you—Had you been Piercy then—

King. Let me embrace the savor of his prince,

The dear preserver of my life and honour!

What shall I do for thee, my friend ?

Re-enter Rochford.

Card. Here's Rochford!

Pray, smooth your brow, and hide your discontent:
And, now you're going to the queen, smile on her;
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty child,
Then when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike like the hand of Heav'n, a sure revenge,
And never let her rise again.

King. I will——

My lord, you may come near; where is the queen?

[*To* Roch.]

Roch. I left her in the drawing-room.

King. Ah, Wolfey!

What angel e'er so bright as woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her creator's laws?
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
Till they by falseness did their sex degrade.

[*Exeunt* King and Cardinal.]

Roch. What means this sudden alteration?
Is not that Piercy? Oh, too true! he comes
Not like a joyful bridegroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated sister! but like one, alas!
That knows already the base wrongs our friends
Have heap'd upon him. Where shall I avoid him?
Ah, why must I, of all the plot, be curs'd,
To look upon a face so full of horror,
That, like a hell, at once upbraids my guilt,
And lashes me with the remembrance?

Enter Piercy.

Pier. Methinks I walk like one that's in a dream,
A horrid dream, and fain would be awake:
These rooms of state look not as they were wont,
When Anna Bullen oft has ran to meet me;
Oh, that some friends, some friends indeed, would
meet me,
And wake me out of it!—Behold, 'tis granted!—
Is not that Rochford there? My dearest brother——

Roch. My lord, my Piercy!

Pier. Come thou to my arms——

Methinks thou art concern'd to see thy friend:
When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain, I find;
Thy friendship is as cold as winter blasts.
What ails my friend?

Roch. Nothing ails me.

Pier. Nothing! why look'st thou then so full of horror?

Thy down-cast eyes call to my sad remembrance,
How passing by yon gallery of pictures,
That happy gallery, that was once the scene
Of many a joyful meeting with thy sister.

Roch. Ah, my lord!

Pier. Ha! what say'st thou? 'Tis enough;
There hangs a dreadful tale upon thy brow,
And there's some horrid meaning in that word——
Say, quick, how fares thy sister? Is she well?
Speak, is she living? Is she dead? If so,
And thou dar'st utter it, plant thy dread voice
Just like a cannon to thy Piercy's breast,
And shiver me to pieces.

Roch. By these words,

I find he knows not of my sister's marriage——

Still worse and worse. [*Aside.*] Alas, my lord, she
lives!

[*To* Piercy.]

Pier. Lives! Oh, the joy! But is she ought than
well?

Tell it with speed, why didst thou say, alas?

Roch. She is in health; but——

Pier. Ha! but what? Speak out.

Why dost thou torture me with dire suspense?

Roch. Alas, kind Piercy, force not me to tell you!

Too soon you'll hear the news, from one, perhaps,

That can relate it, rocky as he is,

Without a sigh or tear in pity of you.

Pier. Ye heav'nly pow'rs! what does my Roch-
ford mean?

I pry'thee, gentle Rochford, do not rack me;
Take off this heavy weight that sinks thy brother,
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
The truth, and say, that all these killing words
Were not in earnest.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See; your father's here.

Pier. He will take pity, and release me, sure.

North. Harry, thou art most welcome to thy fa-
Welcome to all, and welcome to the king. [*ther*;
Rejoice, my son, and deck thy face with smiles;
There's love and fortune coming towards thee.

Pier. Pardon me, best father; spare my answer.

[*Kneels*,]

Oh, tell me first, what news is from my love?
How does my mistress fare, and what's become
Of beauteous Anna Bullen? Quickly, Sir.

North. She's marry'd, son.

Pier. Marry'd!

North. Marry'd! ay, marry'd, and a queen,
A joyful queen.

Pier. Marry'd! and to the king!

My Anna Bullen false and marry'd!
Persuade me that the sun has lost its virtue;
That all the elements shall vanish straight,
Turn to confusion; and in chaos shrink;
All this must be when Anna Bullen's false.

North. I tell thee, rash and disobedient boy,

Marry'd she is, without such miracles.

Pier. Ah, dearest father! on my knees I beg you,
Repeat that horrid, dismal word no more;
For whilst I live, I

Ne'er can think that Anna Bullen's false.

Oh, Sir, be merciful, and just at once,

And say you did it but to try your Piercy.

North. Rise and repent, and do not tempt my
anger,

Which thou shouldst feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy folly punishment enough.

Pier. See, Sir, her brother's more concern'd
than I, [*Rochford*;

To hear such words. Come, tell them, dearest—
Proclaim her virtuous loud as cherubims;
Is she not chaste, chaste as the virgin light,
And constant as the turtle to its mate.

North. Tell him, my lord.

Pier. Oh, hear thy charming sound;
Tell them and undecieve them, friend; tell them,
How thou wert by when first we plighted troths,
And swore eternal faith, eternal love.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My lord, the king and queen are passing by.

North. Look you, romantick Sir, behold your
mistress,

Whose bride she is. [*Exit.*

Pier. By the immortal pow'rs that gave me life,
And eyes, and senses to believe, 'tis she!——
It is the king and Anna Bullen crown'd!
Why, father, Rochford, friends, is it not so?

And did she not like haughty Juno walk?
Who, as she held the thunder by the hand,

Look'd down with scorn on the low world from
She came; so did the cast a loathing eye (whence
Upon the place where humble Piercy stands——

Ha! is't not so? Confess that it is so, [*happy.*
And I am blest; own it, and make poor Piercy

Roch. Alas, my lord, afflict your mind no more!
'Tis torment to your friend to see you thus. [*fall.*

Pier. Friend, say'st thou? I disclaim that name in

In father, brother, sister, and companion;
Nature itself abhors it like the plague,
And banishes that guest from all her creatures—
False brother to the falsest woman living!
Was it for this that I was sent from court?
Was it for this, the subtlest of her sex
Sent me a letter with ten thousand charms,
To let me know that I should write, and should
Be written to no more till my return?
To avoid suspicion, as she said; but 'twas
To flatter me, that I should not mistrust her.

Rob. By Heav'n, and all that's true, she's not to blame.

Pier. Here, Rochford, rip and tear her from my heart,

Fast rooted as she is, and give me ease!
For he that wears a perjur'd woman here,
Has in his breast ten thousand fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best son; the king salutes thee, Piercy.

Come, see the bride he has prepar'd for thee,
And think no more of Anna Bullen now.

Pier. Ha! bring me to her straight! Is she a woman bright, dissembling, and protesting woman? [man, Is she so kind that nothing can be kinder? Nay, were she Anna Bullen all without, And Bullen all within, I'd marry her, To be reveng'd.

North. Thou dost rejoice thy father: She is as good and beautiful as angels, And has ten thousand pounds a year; which, added To thy estate, will make you far more happy Than Harry with his crown, or Anna Bullen.

Pier. Come, bring me to her: when shall we

North. If thou wilt, to-morrow. [be marry'd?

Pier. To-morrow! Now: to-morrow is too late. What! must I waste a day, and lose a smile? The king with Bullen revels all this while. [morn? Haste, thou slow fun! when wilt thou bring the And when, oh, when, shall the long day be worn! That these triumphant arms may seize my bride, And clasp her gently like a wanton tide. But for that rarest bliss we blush to own, Spite and revenge much more my joy shall crown.

ACT III.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Card. HAIL to the sacred queen of wit and beauty!

Blunt. What news? what song of comfort brings my Wolfsey?

Say, shall this proud exaltation vanish straight?

Or, shall she still be queen, t'assron my Wolfsey?

Card. Piercy's arriv'd; there's aid for your revenge.

Blunt. I heard so, and perceiv'd it by the queen.

Card. By that she has discover'd the deceit, And finds him innocent, now 'tis too late:

This makes her careless to her own undoing;
For when the am'rous king comes, loaded with
Big hopes,

She's cold as winter to his warm embraces:

This, when the vex'd and passionate king perceives,
He'll hate, and cast her from him in a rage.

Blunt. See! yonder's Rochford coming towards
Big with glad looks; I hope to be deliver'd. [us,
Of something that will forward our design.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your care,
To manage him with all the art of woman;

Enter Rochford.

Rob. Brightest of thy dazzling sex,
How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
In torments, and in darkness to waste the tedious
day.

Blunt. O, you are grown a courtier now indeed,
My lord, but 'tis no wonder, now you are
Exalted, and are brother to the queen.

Rob. Ha! brother to the queen!
I will not change my state to shine in heaven,
To be the darling brother of the sun.

Blunt. Hold, my lord!
I will not chide you, tho' you have deserv'd it;
For all those raptures are but starts in love,
And seldom hold out to the race's end.

Rob. Oh, say not so!
The negro, nearest neighbour to the sun,
That lives under the torrid burning line,
Feels not the warmth that does possess my breast.

Blunt. Enough, my lord! I'll put you to your
Prepare, and see how well you can obey. [trial;
But that you may not strive without all hope,
Here is my hand, an earnest of my promise.

That as I find you faithful, I'll reward you.
But mark me; hear, as from a prophet, this;
Be sure you merit well this first of favours,
And keep the oath you vow upon this hand;
Else I'll denounce a worse than hell shall follow
Your sacrilegious crime,

Rob. Lo, here I swear—
I wear upon this altar, breathing incense!
Eternal love! eternal constancy—

[Kisses her hand,

Blunt. Go, my lord;
And now you have it, brag to my undoing;
For never any but your king can boast
The like.

Rob. And he th' unworthiest of mankind;
Who having such a jewel in his breast,
The crown not half so sacred, were it mine,
To sell it for a false and glittering trifle.

Blunt. What, your sister! treach'rous man!
You do not mean it; nor can I endure
To hear her so degraded, if 'twere real:
She's goodness, and has beauties more than I;
And merits what she does possess, a crown:
And much the more, because she sought not for't;
Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy—
How bears she this unwelcome state? or rather,
How does she brook the wrong that's done to Piercy?

Rob. All her reflections on it straight will
vanish;

A king and crown are charms invincible:
No storms nor discontents can long abide
Where love and empire plead; but soon will fly,
Scatter'd like mists, before the sun of pow'r.

Blunt. You speak indifferently, my lord, and like
Mistrust of her you love. I long to hear
The more what you would fain disguise from me—
Have you so soon forgot the oath you took?
Or think you that I e'er can hate the sister,
When with a blush I own I love the brother?
False and ungrateful man! farewell.

Rob. O stay!
Rip ope my bosom to my naked heart,
And read whate'er you think is written there.
Had I no tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd
have him;

He is my slave, my chain'd and galley-slave.

Oh, that I had but Harry so to torture! [Aside.

Rob. Ten thousand pardons—

Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deserve it: charge you, as a sign of your repentance, Go visit straight the queen, and Piercy too: You hear he's come to court; and what you learn from them, that aught concerns their former loves, From time to time acquaint me with the story; And you shall lock the secret in my breast, As safe as in your own.

Roch. 'Twere blasphemy But to suspect it.

Blunt. I require this of you; Not that I doubt the virtue of the queen: But know, that worse than hell I hate the king, And wish your sister and all human-kind Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll instantly obey you.

Blunt. Come back, my lord; this readiness has charm'd me:

And now I can't but give you some kind hopes— You may have leave to visit me hereafter, And talk of love; perhaps I'll take it kindly. And you may write to me, and best by proxy: For tho' the king not visits me, as he was wont, Yet he is jealous—

Let all your am'rous letters be disguis'd Under the borrow'd name of brother still, Directed to me by the style of sister.

Roch. In all things I'll obey, Madam.

Blunt. See the queen comes, her soul in discontent,

[*To Roch.*]

And longs to be disburden'd. I will leave you— A fit occasion's offer'd, now she's on The rack, to ease her by a fond confession. [*Exit.*]

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Where am I now?—My brother! Is it I hear that Piercy's come to court. [*You?*]

Roch. He is.

Queen. Where shall I hide my guilty face from him,

And shut me where he ne'er may see me more? For now I start at ev'ry human shape, And think I meet wrong'd Piercy in my way.

Enter Diana.

I sent thee to the queen; Diana, say, How fares she in her hopeless, sad estate? What answer bring'st thou, that is death to hear? Come, talk of misery, and fill my breast With woe: I'll lay my ears to the sad sound, And thence extract it, as the bees do honey. Grief is the food that the afflicted live by— Talk any thing; there's nought so dreadful as The thoughts of Piercy in my breast.

Diana. The Princess Dowager is dead.

Queen. What princess!

Art thou a temporizing false-one too? And hast so soon forgot she was thy queen?

Diana. Queen Katherine is dead.

Queen. Alas! then is the dead?

Then she has got the start of Anna Bullen— Came you too late to pay my duty to her?

Diana. No; for she enjoy'd her senses to the last; And then not seem'd to die, but fell asleep.

Queen. So bold is innocence, it conquers death.

Diana. When I began to tell her,

I came by your command, to make a tender Of your most humble duty, and condole Her majesty's misfortune and distemper? She check'd me at that word, and answer'd with a Why did you say, Your majesty to me? [*smile;*]
Go, tell your queen,
Let her not fix on greatness to be happy,
But take a sad example here by me;

I who was daughter, niece, and sister too,
To three great emperors, and wife, alas!
To the most potent prince in Christendom,
Must die more wretched than the meanest creature;
And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle face
The other way; and quickly after dy'd.

Queen. Go on; why dost thou cease this melody?
Thy voice exceeds the mourning Philomel's;
The dying swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such celestial music.

[*Exeunt Diana and Roch.*]

Enter King.

King. Yonder she is, in tears amidst her glories!
Ye lavish stars, what will content this scorn? From a mean spring I took this shining pebble, And plac'd her in my heart and in my crown, The fairest and the best-lov'd jewel there, And sat her on my throne to be ador'd: Yet she contemns all this, and would be more, The heav'ns are all too narrow for her soul!

Queen. My lord!

King. Sit down again.

I but disturb you, therefore I'll return;
For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which You pay such lavish tribute from your eyes.

Queen. Sir, I was thinking of the uncertain state Of greatness, and amongst it's sad misfortunes, What would become of me, alas! if you (Which I've no reason to suspect) [*tears.*]

Should change your love; and that produc'd these

King. You're in the right, if that should ever happen—

But what begets such doubts within your breast? You have done nothing to deserve such fears: You love me, and as long as that shall last, Mistrust not Harry.

Queen. By my hopes, I do not.

King. Bless'd sound: I will hear nothing but my Bullen. [*Aside.*]

Oh! now I nought remember but thy charms, And quite forget what'er I was before. One word of bliss, one word of softness, from thee, To banish hence suspicions, like the plague, And clear our breasts from jealousies for ever— What, not a syllable do I deserve? These kisses, faint embraces, and these odours, Are ravish'd, and not bestow'd upon me—Ha!

Queen. What means my lord?

King. What means the trait'rous Bullen!

By Heav'n he wants the cunning trick and skill, The easy, quick delusion of her sex, To hide her falseness—Oh, she's damn'd!

Queen. O, gracious Sir!

King. Too gracious not to kill thee—

For whom, for whom, are your kind looks reserv'd? Hide you your minion, for his safeguard, do; For were he 'mongst his happy stars, I'd reach him.

Queen. What fiend hath put such thoughts into your breast?

When did I wrong you? How have I been false?

King. No; to thy siren voice I'll stop my ears; A thousand times, like him, thou'lt cheated me, Laid my just passion to a gentle calm, Whilst storms behind were ready to devour me. On thy false gen'rous charms I'll wreck no more, But seek for shelter on some kinder shore; A grateful beauty here shall reign alone, And chase thee from my heart, and from my throne! [*The King meets Wolsey, and goes out leaning on him.*]

Queen. Did not my lord fly from me in a rage, Arm'd in a frown; and darted it quite through me? And Wolsey in his favourite's place again? Nay, than the wonder is expi'd, that proud,

TO ANNA BULLEN.

That great bad man, and Lucifer, ne'er meant
Me, nor my virtue well—The king's inconstancy
Begins to shew it's Janus face again;
And all the doubts of an unhappy wretch,
My fears by day, and horrid dreams by night,
Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Piercy. What, shall I fear to see her!
And tell her face to face the perjuries
And falseness that she's heap'd upon her soul,
And ruin'd mine!—Lo, where the false one is!
In counterfeited grief? By Heav'n, in tears!
As if her sins already did upbraid her!

Queen. Ha, Piercy! I'm betray'd. Advise me,
What shall I do?—[Heav'n,

See he stands, the mark of pity, Heaven!
Shut, shut thy eyes, and fly with speed away,
Or view the rocks and quicksands, if you stay;
Left I venture on,
And, like Leander, tempt my fate, and drown.

[Exit Queen.

Piercy. Ha! she's surpris'd! shuns me, and flies
from me!

But yet she look'd not like a foe upon me;
And as she parted, told me with her eyes,
That there was something in those speaking tears,
Which might excuse her, and condemn her Piercy.

Enter Northumberland.

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful news;
The king has charm'd the fair Diana to thee,
And is resolv'd to marry her to-morrow,
And celebrate the nuptials with a pomp.

Piercy. The king! the king is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is;

But thou art not: h'intends to give her to thee
Himself. Why dost thou start? 'Twas but this day
You swore and vow'd, with all the signs of joy,
And duty to your father, you'd obey me.

Piercy. Alas! I did: but cannot Heaven nor you
Forgive a rash, unhappy man his vow?

North. No; by the blood that honours Piercy's
I swear, I will not—[veins,

For marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
Or live a vagabond, banish'd from wealth,
From friends and pity; whilst I will advance
The younger brother to thy lost estate
And see thee starve; nay, more, and loaded with
The curses of thy father.

Piercy. Hold, Sir—
I'll strive to obey you; not because I fear
What misery or death can do to me;
But that I may not be th' unhappy cause
Of dragging wrongful curses from a father.

Enter Diana.

North. See! she's coming, brighter than a god-
dess—

I'll leave you, and commit you to her cure.

[Exit North.

Diana. Yonder's the dear lov'd man, whom all
must love,

That loves another too. What shall I say? *[Aside:*
Spite of my stars I doat upon a person,
Who has no heart, no eyes that are his own;
Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.

Piercy. Madam, d'you hear the news? My fa-
ther we are to be marry'd. [ther tells me

Diana. So the king will have it.

Piercy. The king! What, would the tyrant be
To take upon him to dispose of hearts, [a god]
And join unequal souls to one another?
O, beautiful Diana! you are all goodness,
A store of virtues in as bright a person,
As Heaven e'er treasur'd in a form divine:

If so, what can your eyes behold in me?

What see in such a wretched thing as I,
To marry me?

Diana. Some kind deity

Affits me now, lest I should shew I love him;
And teach my tongue how to belye my heart.
Our persons might, for all you've said of mine,
Be mended both, and both receive additions.

Piercy. What, do you hate me?

Then you are happier one degree than I;
For should you love me, you are truly wretched.

Diana. Indeed he little thinks I am that wretch, [Aside.

Tell me, wherefore?

Piercy. Because the cruel god
Has robb'd me of my whole estate of love,
And left me naked, desolate and poor;
We may, like faithful and consoling friends,
If not like lovers, live together.
O rarely thought; 'twill be the only means
To make us happy both against our wills.

We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep; we'll all but
Instead of loving, pity one another. love—

Diana. And who can tell, but pity may at last,
By gentle, soft degrees, grow up to love?

Piercy. Come, let's away then, since they'll have
Meet these glad rites to all mankind but us; *[It so;*
Where the malicious charm shall join our curses,
And not our persons, but our woes together.

A C T IV.

Enter Blunt and Rochford.

Blunt. **M**Y lord, you act a cunning lover well;
Paint a rare passion under all disguises:
Yet, oh! I wish this art had not been learnt,
But nature in you, and true love the teacher:
Yet I will prize and hoard your letters safe,
As I would fragrant flow'rs within my bosom.

Roch. Methinks, for my dear Anna Bullen's sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the name of sister.

Blunt. And I much more, now I can call you
Where is the queen? [brother,

Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is Piercy? has she seen him
yet?

Roch. Seen him she has; but would not speak to
him.

Blunt. Would she not speak to him then?

Roch. No, not a word; but quite o'ercame her
pity,

And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.

Blunt. The reason?

Roch. She'd not tell—but I must doubt
Her scrupulous virtue is the cause.

Blunt. Impossible!

Virtue can never lodge with cruelty.
Come; she must see him—

Roch. Would I life and fortune,
Nay all my rights of love, and hopes in thee,
Could purchase her consent to see him once;
Pardon the sallies of most mighty friendship:
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.

Blunt. Within this hour he enter'd my apartment,
Not like the great, the brave, the charming Piercy,
But like a dreadful ghost, or horrid shadow,
The evil genius of his family
Ne'er look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the woes
As he did.

Roch. Unhappy Piercy!

Blunt. At first his sight was pointed on the earth

There, with a groan, charg'd with a volley of sighs,
He lifted up his fatal eyes on me; which I
Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
Of pitying tears——

That ran into such bitter sad complaints
Against our sex's loath'd inconsistency,
That I was forc'd to chide him——

Roch. Oh, no more!

It wakes my drowsy conscience from it's rest,
And stabs it with a guilt.

Blunt. But then at last

From railings into blessings straight he fell;
And on his knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the queen, but once to see her *Piercy*.
Therefore I charge you, by the pow'r of friendship,
By *Piercy's* woes, and all the love you owe
To me! go and prevail that he may see her.

Roch. I'll do it instantly.

Blunt. She's coming straight this way; go quickly
you,

And give him notice, now's the time to speak!
Then straight return to hold her in discourse [her!
Till *Piercy* comes. [Exit *Roch.*

So——this has prov'd a lucky tale; and now
This rare intelligence goes to my *Wolsey*,
Who'll fend th' alarm to the watchful king,
Straight to surprize him with his wife.

Who then dares tell me, that I was to blame!
For who contemns a prosp'rous wickedness,
Or thinks that ill, that's faint'd with success?

[Exit *Blunt.*

Enter Queen with a Letter.

Queen. What shall I do! where teach my trem-
bling feet

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Sister! most royal, merciful and fair,
And best belov'd of Heav'n and all mankind,
Let your dear brother make it his request
Thus on his knees, as deities are charm'd,
That you would hear th' unhappy *Piercy* speak
This once, and but this once——*Piercy's* without:
Shall my best friend take but his last farewell?
Grant it, or never more let *Rochford* see you.

Queen. Oh, brother, plead no more, 'tis all in
Do not betray thy sister to a guilt, [vain;
And stain the crystal virtue of a soul,
Which still she holds far dearer than a crown.

Roch. What dangers can there be, what guilt in
To hear the wretched and the injur'd pray? [you,
Come; for you will, you shall, you must now hear
him.

Queen. No more! no more! there's yet a subtler
Than you, or pity, pleads for *Piercy* here, [orator
Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What shall I tell him?

Queen. Tell him, we are undone; I must not see
And tell him, [him;
I love him—tell him, what is false, I hate him;
Say any thing; but let me not behold him.

Enter Piercy.

Most cruel!—cruel brother rather——
Help—take and bear me swiftly from the danger.

Roch. Cast but one look, and you must needs re-
lent.

Queen. What shall I do? What passage shall I
chuse? [Aside.

Arm me, kind Heav'n! against my foe of pity.

Piercy. Still, still she turns, and hides her
treach'rous eyes——

Is't possible that she can feel remorse,
Or pity after all? Oh, no; she loves too well
The fatal cause that purchas'd all this pomp——
Stay, Anna Bullen! stay; my queen—perhaps

It is expected I should call you queen!

Behold your hated——

Queen. Fly, good *Piercy*, fly! for life be gone:
Each minute that you stay brings death to both.

Piercy. Ah, hold! If not for love, for pity stay;
And if no just complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then blessings shall: ten thousand blessings on you,
If you will hear the curs'd of mankind speak.

Queen. Give me your hand, kind brother, and
support me;

Help, for I stagger with the treble weight
Of grief, despair, and pity!

Piercy. Yet turn, if there's one jot of pity in you;
If *Piercy* e'er was worth one thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of Anna Bullen, stay——

Queen. Fly, brother, ere it be too late;
For should I listen but a moment more,
The strength of Hercules were not enough
To draw me hence.

Piercy. Then with my knees, thus fast'ning to
the ground

Your robe, and thus with my extended arms,
[*Piercy kneels upon her robe.*

I'll force and charm you, till you've heard my last
Complaint; and then forbear to pity if you can.
Help, *Rochford*, ere I'm rooted to this earth.
Away, away! the least word more undoes me.
Yet turn one look upon me, ere you go.

Queen. There take it, with my life, perhaps the
purchase——

Take that too; *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd;
[*Gives him a letter.*

Learn there th' unhappy Bullen's fate——Fare-
well.

Piercy. Yet stay—the soul ne'er parted with such
From the pale body, as you fly from me. [panga

Queen. *Piercy*, adieu—I can—I will—I
must: no more. [Exit *Queen and Roch.*

Piercy. She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than
ever:

What's here? a letter! and the character——
That I so oft have been acquainted with?
What's this I read!

[Reads.]

By wicked *Wolsey*, Harry and our parents,
I was betray'd, and forc'd to wed the king:
Who intercepted all thy letters, swearing
With sacramental oaths, that thou wert false,
And marry'd first——*Piercy*, adieu, and credit me,
And that I lov'd thee better than my life:
Burn this rash paper, lest the fiends disclose it.

BULLEN.

She's innocent! Oh, ye immortal pow'rs!
She's innocent! and then she loves me still.
Spoud, sound my joy, till my exalted soul
Is wound up to th' extremest pitch of bliss:
Let *Piercy* never after this be sad——
Yet hold——what dawn of comfort canst thou spy
In this?—Oh, none——This glow-worm spark,
This glimpse of hope, is vanish'd, and I'm left
In deeper darkness, horror and despair,
Than e'er I was before——

Re-enter Queen and Rochford.

Ha! she returns! the mourning angel comes
Again!

Queen. Well, brother,
And thou far stronger and immortal pity,
And more immortal love, you've brought me back——
Ye have. What! what will ye do with me now?

Roch. Could any thing on earth, tiger, or panther,
Much less a creature form'd by Heav'n, like us;
Could you, I say, refrain from such an object,
At the last words of the unhappy wretch,

And not forbear to balm him o'er in tears,
Or else but hear him speak?

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!
The combat now grows fierce and strong; and, oh!
How weak an armour resolution is
Against our passions, or the man belov'd!
Ah, Piercy!

Piercy. My charming queen! my Anna Bullen
Am I so blest, and yet so wretched too, [once!
As what is written here contains? And tell me,
May I believe that you can love me still?

Queen. Oh, Piercy! Piercy! urge me not to tell
What Heav'n's austerity will not permit, [you
Nor force me to declare—

What the Eternal sees already written
In too broad characters within my breast;
How large, how deep, thy story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never must unfold—
Oh, I have said too much.

Piercy. What! said too much?
Can you repent of one kind thought of Piercy?
And spitefully call back your tender mercy!
Oh, cruel queen! for Anna Bullen would not,
She would not, would not, use her Piercy thus.

Queen. Cease, cease, such sounds—
And turn thy sad resistless eyes away;
For if I once behold those tears, and hear
Thy just complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must through all the bonds of virtue.
Nay, stood the jealous Harry by,
With all his guards of devils, Wolfseys, cardinals;
In spite of all, in spite of more, myself,
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee.

Piercy. It is enough, bright daughter of the sky!
Here on my knees,
I beg a thousand pardons of my queen.
A look, a sigh, a tear, from Anna Bullen,
Is far more worth than all the trifling wrongs,
Nay, than the life and very soul of Piercy.

Queen. Oh! how loth my eyes are to depart!
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one look to vast eternity:
Yet we must part, ah, Piercy! part for ever—

Piercy. Must we part for ever?
What, never! never meet again!

Queen. Never!
Ah, Piercy! fly, and leave me here alone,
To stem this mighty torrent of my fate:
Begone, while I have life to bid thee go;
For now death stops my tongue— [She swoons.

Piercy. My lord—
She faints! my life! my Anna Bullen, stay;
Rochford! Oh, help to call her back again.

Rob. Wake, sister, wake! behold, no danger's
nigh!

Queen. Ah, Piercy! now I wake, with courage
now,

To meet my fate, and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, and Guards.

Piercy. Ha! Wolfsey, and my father.

Card. My lord, ere we discover our commission,
Pray let your son be parted from the queen;
Lest the wrong'd king should see him in his rage,
And execute his worst of fury on him.

Norrb. Son! though you have committed in the
The greatest crime against your royal master [court,
That ere a subject can be guilty of;
Yet, in respect of my grey hairs, and tears,
He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit life;
Therefore be gone; a minutes stay is fatal—
Guards! force him, if he goes not willingly,
And carry him straight by barge to Suffolk-house

Without reply.

Piercy. Obediently I'll go,
If you will promise me that you have nought
Against the sacred person of the queen.

Card. My lord, on both our honours, the queen's
Shall be inviolate—but the king [person
Is coming straight to visit her, therefore you must
begone—

We have no other reason but your safety.

Queen. Go, Piercy, and mistrust not more than I;
Be gone, if I have pow'r left to command;
Leave me to innocence and Heav'n, that will not
Permit a soul that ne'er did any ill
To fear it.

Piercy. Then I'll go—But, oh, just Heav'n!
And all you bright inhabitants above,
Protect the sacred person of the queen;
And shed your baleful 'st venom on their heads,
That think to stain a whiteness, like yourselves.
Farewel— [Exit Piercy.

Queen. Farewel.

Card. John Viscount Rochford, by the king's
command,
We arrest you here of capital high treason.

Queen. Hear, Heav'n! My brother fallen into
the snare!

Card. And 'tis his pleasure that you straight be
sent
Close prisoner to the Tow'r, with the Lord Norris,
Who is suspected with you to be guilty
Of the same heinous crime. Guards, seize his
person.

Rob. Base villain! traitor! Wolfsey, say, for
what?

Queen. Well, who's turn next? Come, dart
your worst, my lords,

And meet a temper'd breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, you're more afraid than I:
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Most royal Madam, oh, I wish the king
Had chosen some more willing than ourselves,
To execute this most detested office:
It is the king's most fatal pleasure too,
That you be sent a prisoner to the Tow'r,
And thence immediately to both your trials.

Rob. Trial! For what?

Queen. No more, dear brother; let us both sub-
mit,

But think, dear Rochford, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring lives,
Something for which we justly merit death,
Though not, perhaps, the thing we are accus'd of,
*Enter the King in a Fury, with Letters in his Hand,
Attendants and Guards.*

Card. The king is here.

Queen. Then he is merciful.

King. Where's this woman! this most abhor'd
of wives!

This scandal to her sex, my crown, and life!
What, by your minion? Oh, good-natur'd husband!
Down on your knees, and thank me for a favour—
See—here are letters fall'n into my hands,
Where your dear brother says he has enjoy'd you.

[Gives the letters to the Queen.

Queen. Oh, sacred Sir!
You took me to your royal bed a handmaid,
The most unworthy of the mighty favour;
Oh! throw me into dungeons straight, or take
Away my life that ne'er offended you:
Take all in recompence from Anna Bullen!
'Tis yours; but do not rob me of my fame,
Nor stain my virtue with so foul a guilt. [Blunt!

Rob. What's here? My am'rous letters sent to

Has she betray'd me?

King. I will hear no more— [To the Queen.

Roch. Ah, royal Sir, these letters I confess—

King. Here, take them hence, to tortures, racks, to death.

Queen. Oh, Sir! I am prepar'd for any death; For worse than death, a thousand, thousand tortments.

King. Quick; take away thy hands, or I will force thee—

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I've sworn For thy unspotted babe [the truth:

That yet lies wrapp'd in innocence, unborn;

By injur'd truth, by souls of martyr'd saints;

By you, my lord, my husband and my king;

I'm wrong'd! Ah, royal, gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd!

King. Unhand me, or I'll spurn thee from thy hold—

Seize, seize on Piercy—By my life, who begs

[To the Guards.

In his behalf, 's a traitor worse than he—

[To North. who kneels.

Here's another letter too; it is from Norris,

Who much commends your darlings, secret beauties,

And sweetness of your lips: yet you are wrong'd!—

Eternal hell! where's such another monster?

Go, you incestuous twins, make haste and mingle

Your foul, adulterate blood in death together—

Oh, they're too long asunder. Why dost weep!

Go to thy death; and what's a greater pain,

May Heav'n, like me, see all those tears in vain.

[Exeunt King and attendants.

Roch. Ah, sister! what dire fiends must punish Rochford?

What will become of me, the cause of all?

Queen. Fear not: Heav'n knows thy innocence, and mine!

Come, let's prepare—But first, my pomp, adieu.

[Kneels, and lays down her crown.

From Heav'n I did my crown and life receive;

And back to Heav'n both crown and life I'll give;

And thus, in humble posture, lay it down

With greater joy than first I put it on. [Rises.

But, oh, you Royal Martyrs! cease a while

Your crying blood that else must curse this life:

Of the Imperial ask it with my pray'r;

For you are still the nearest angels there;

Then, Richards, Edwards, Henrys, all make room,

The first of slaughter'd English queens I come:

Let me amongst your glorious, happy train,

Free from this hated world and traitors, reign.

ACT V.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Card. L UCKY EST of omens! do I meet

My fair, illustrious part'ner in revenge!

Come, tell the news that your glad eyes proclaim:

Speak, by the looks I know it must be well.

Is the condemn'd? Shall Rome be absolute?

Shall Wolfey reign, and shall my Blunt be queen?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou say'st, most mighty of thy

Greatest that e'er adorn'd the robe, it is: [function;

These eyes saw the bright English sun eclips'd,

And, what is more, eclips'd by thee and me;

Cast by her awful judges from her height,

Guilty and sham'd, as Lucifer from heav'n,

And forc'd to beg it as the mildest sentence,

To lose her head.

Card. Then there's an end of Bullen.

Blunt. And what to see gave me the greater joy,

Those letters counterfeited by the fool

Her brother, were the strongest proofs against her;

So the same papers, which by your advice

I got convey'd into her cabinet,

Were the substantial 'st circumstances found,

For which she dies.

Card. Oh, just and sacred rage!

Revenge! thou greatest deity on earth!

And woman's wit the greatest of thy council!

Blunt. We ought to veil before your priestly robe;

My crown of wit shall ne'er stand candidate

Without the mighty aid of Wolfey's brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by fate, nor

Wolfey,

But take the vanquish'd crown from Bullen's head,

And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,

My gracious Wolfey, I will so reward you—

Enter Piercy.

Blunt. See, Piercy's here, more mad than we

are joyful:

Does't not make young the blood about thy heart,

To see that our revenge not singly hits,

But, like a chain-shot, carries all before it?

Card. Let us avoid him—You intend to see

The queen receive her death; but I

Will pass this day at Esher, like a mourner.

Piercy. Behold, the sun shines still; instead of dark—

Behold, just pow'rs! the curses of the land? [noise,

Stay, [To the Card. and Blunt.

You far more dreadful pair than those at first

Betray'd poor easy man, and all mankind!

Thou fatal woman, thou! and serpent thou!

By whose sole malice (oh, that Heav'n should let it!) A

greater innocence this day is fall'n,

Than ever blest the walks of Paradise.

Card. My lord, I shall acquaint the king with this,

And those just lords the judges of her cause,

Whom your base malice wrongs—But I'm above

it—

[Exeunt Card. and Blunt.

Piercy. Bold traitors! hell-hounds! do you fly?

Does Anna Bullen's chastity and virtue,

Writ in this angry forehead, make you start?—

[Exeunt.

Enter Diana.

What, the fair, wrong'd Diana's face in tears?

Can Anna Bullen's miseries attract

The noblest of compassion, pity from

A rival's breast? Thou wonder of thy sex!

How far more wretched mak'st thou Piercy still,

When I behold how much thou dost deserve,

And I so very little have to pay?

Diana. What rocky heart could have refrain'd

from pity,

To see the sight that I did? Any thing

But man, most cruel mankind, would have griev'd;

Tigers and panthers would have wept to see her;

And her base judges, had they not been men,

Would have bemoan'd her like departing babes.

Piercy. Is Rochford too condemn'd?

Diana. Alas! he is.

Rochford and Norris both receiv'd their sentence,

And both behav'd themselves like gallant men—

But for the queen! Ah, Piercy, such bright courage

No thought can dictate, nor no tongue relate:

When she was tax'd with that unnatural crime,

Adultery with her brother; at first she started,

And soon an innocent, not guilty, red

Adorn'd her face, and faint'd it with tears;

But straight conceiving it a fault, she smil'd,

Wip'd off the drops, and chid the blush away.

Piercy. When I am dead, may my sad tale be blest,

And have no other tongue but thine to tell it.

Diana. Then with the meekness of a saint she

With such amazing oratory dazzled, [Hood;

And like the sun, darted quite thro' her judges,
That none durst look upon her.
But, oh! what's destin'd in the blackest pit
Of hell, what innocence can e'er withstand?
Whate'er she said, that angels could not finer,
And shew'd a soul no crystal nigh so clear:
Tho' all appear'd to be the plot of devils,
Yet was she guilty found; and oh, sad Piercy!
Condemn'd to lose her head.

Pier. Hell dare not think it.

Diana. The cruel Duke of Norfolk, her relation,
As steward for the day, pronounc'd the sentence.

Pier. And my hard-hearted father too was there.

Diana. My lord! what said you? your hard-
hearted father!

O, blotted let it be from all records,
And never be in England's annals read,
What I'm about to tell you: her own father,
The Earl of Wiltshire, sat among her judges.
Behold the king! all knees are bent, all hands,
All good men's eyes, lift up to Heav'n and him,
To beg the life of her that glads the world.

Pier. Make use of all thy woman's art to win him;
Let all petition him that share her blood.

Matrons, wives, virgins, all the charming sex.

Diana. Do you withdraw, you but incense the
I've yet a soft experiment to try, [king—
Shall pierce his stubborn nature to the quick.

Pier. That angel thou'rt inspir'd with, prosper
thee. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Cardinal, and Attendants.

King. Piercy! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?
[To the guards, who go out and seize Piercy.
Now by the sacred crown of England's monarchs,
Let none intreat me upon pain of death.

[To petitioners.

What's here? a list of base petitioners
For Norris' life! Hell and confusion seize 'em!
Have I not, like a rock against the seas, [shaken,
And mountains 'gainst the winds, stood thus un-
Deny'd all England's pray'rs, and shall I
Pardon a slave before I would my queen?

Enter Northumberland, who kneels.

King. Why dost kneel?

North. I met my son this most unlucky moment;
Just as the guards were ready to obey;
And execute your fatal orders on him;
Who in despair, or rather in obedience,
Making a faint resemblance to resist,
As they were striving to put by his sword,
He on a sudden open'd wide his arms,
And on his breast receiv'd a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble pray'rs, that his disaster
Would mitigate your present and just fury:
And grant my son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it so.

*Enter Diana, leading the young Princess Elizabeth,
with Women.*

Diana. Pardon this bold intrusion in your presence;
Your daughter, Sir, this little princess here,
Possess'd with woman's rage, and far above
The little sparkling reason of a child,
Scream'd for her father: Where's my father? said she!
And as we brought her to you, still the cry'd,
Unless she saw her father, she would die.

King. What would you have, my little Betty, say?

Child. But will you promise me that you'll not
frown [you

And cry aloud, hough? and then indeed I'll tell

King. I do: come let me take thee in my arms—

Child. No! but I'll kneel; for I must be a beggar;

And I have learnt, that all who beg of you;
Must do it kneeling.

North. Prettiest innocence!

King. Well then, what is't, my little prattler, say?

Child. I'm told that straight my mother is to die,
Yet I've heard you say, you lov'd her dearly:

And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She must die, child; there is no harm in
death:

Besides, the law has said it, and she must.

Child. Must! is't the law a greater king than you?

King. O, yes. But do not cry, my pretty Betty;
For she'll be happier when she's dead, and go
To Heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm sure she'll go to Heaven.

King. How art thou sure?

Child. Somebody told me so

Last night, when I was in my sleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man, like my godfather Cranmer.

Card. Ay, there's the egg that hatch'd this cock-
atrice.

Child. Pray, father, what's that huge, tall,
bloody man?

I ne'er saw him but once in all my life,
And then he frighted me. He look'd for all
The world just like the picture of the pope?

King. Why, don't you love the pope?

Child. No, indeed don't I,
Nor never will.

King. Ay, but you must, my dear;

He is a fine old man too, if you saw him.

Card. Go, you're a little heretick.

Child. A heretick!

Pray, father, what does that bold fellow call me?
What's that?

King. Why that's one that forsakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong religion.

Child. Then I'm no heretick; for I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your child;
Dear father, will you save my mother's life?

King. You must not call me father; for they say,
You're not my daughter.

Child. Who's am I then?

Who told you so? that ugly, old bald priest!
He tells untruth. I'm sure you are my father.

King. How art?

Child. 'Cause I love none so well as you—

But, oh, you'll never hear me what I have to say,
As long as he, that devil there, stands by
Your elbow.

King. Ha! what devil?

Child. That red thing there.

King. Oh, child, he is no devil; he's a cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge long coat
Unless it be to hide his cloven feet? [then,

Card. Sir, all's design'd by Cranmer for the queen,
Of whom she's learnt this lesson like a parrot.

King. Take her away: I were a fool indeed,
If women's tears, and children's idle prattle,
Should change my fix'd resolve, and cheat my
Away with her. [justice—

Child. Oh, but they dare not:

Father, will you not let your Betty kiss you?
Why do you let them pull me from you so?

I ne'er did anger you:

Pray, save my mother, dear king father do:

And if you hate her, we will promise both,

That she and I will go a great huge way,

And never see you more.

King. Unloose her; hough

Hence with her straight; I will not hear her prattle

Another word. Go, you're a naughty girl.

Child. Well, I'm resolv'd, when I am grown a
I'll be reveng'd, and cry hough too.

[*woman.*
Ex. Diana, Princess, women.

King. Ha! spirit!

Mount all the draw-bridges, and guard the gates,
Then bring the pris'ners forth to execution;
Norris and Rochford first, and then the queen.
My Lord Northumberland, be it your task;
Dispatch my orders straight, and fetch the traitors—
What's this that gives my soul a sudden twitch,
And bids me not proceed? Ha! is't compassion!
Shall pity ever fond the breast of Harry!
'Tis but a slip of nature, and I'll on.
Think thou shalt have thy Seymour in thy arms,
Who shall restore thy loss with double charms:
And though my Bullen sets this night, and dies,
Seymour, next morn', like a new sun, shall rise.

[*Exit King and attendants.*

North. With an unwilling heart I take this office;
And, Heav'n, if Anna Bullen's innocent,
Forgive me, since it is my king's command.

Enter Rochford, Lieutenant, and Guards.

Roch. Will't not be granted, that I here may see
My sister ere I die, to part with her?

Lieut. There's my Lord Northumberland, he'll
tell you.

Roch. My lord, you're come to see a wretched pair
Of Ormond's issue leave this fatal world;
Shall we not meet, and take our last farewell?

North. Norris, my lord, is now upon the scaffold;
Then your turn follows: but before that time,
I guess the queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, Heav'n, my passion, and my
crime.

*Enter Queen going to execution all in white; Diana,
Women in mourning. Guards.*

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to
To a more happy marriage-bed, [my fate?
And my eternal coronation-day—
What, Piercy's father! must he do the office?
Still I can bear it all.

North. Madam! it is the king's severe command,
That I attend your majesty to the scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my lord, you might have spar'd
that title:

Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd—
I should have been, if malice had not reign'd,
Your Piercy's wife, the scope of my ambition;
I ne'er had then been mounted to a throne;
Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Roch. Such words as these the Heavens must weep
And make yon marble roofs dissolve in tears. [to hear,

Queen. What dost thou weep, unhappy brother,
Oh, shew me not suspected, nor thyself [too!
So guilty, by such softness—Learn of me!
This breast that's petrify'd by constant woes,
By all my wrongs, m'injustice, and my cause,
Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of joy.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

[*A gentleman whispers Northumberland.*

Queen. The curses of wrong'd Kath'rine weigh'd
me down,

And made my crown indeed a massy crown.

Roch. Deny me not a little tender grief;
For ev'ry drop of blood that's to be shed,
Of that inestimable mass of thine,
My soul must rack a thousand years in hell.

Queen. Forbear such words—You have not in-
jur'd me. [One whispers North.

North. My lord,
You must prepare; a messenger is come,
Who brings the news, that Norris is beheaded.

Roch. Come, lead me to my rest, my rest from
wrongs.

Now, Anna Bullen, teach me all thy courage:
Thy innocence, that makes the Heavens amar'd,
And the more guilty angels blush to see;
Help me to pass this Rubicon of parting,
This mid-way gulph.

Queen. Go: be a lucky harbinger for me;
Tell all the saints, and cherubims, and martyrs,
Tell all the wrong'd, that now are righted there,
That Anna Bullen soon will join 'em.

Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying brother first?
One father and one mother gave us birth;
Then all you saints above, and men below,
Bear witness, and I vow it on my death,
It is the greatest, first, and only favour
I e'er receiv'd from Anna Bullen's person.

Queen. In spite of scandal, malice, and the world;
Nay, were the king and our vile judges by,
Since Heaven is satisfied it is no sin,
I will embrace thee, think I've in my arms,
Both father, mother, sister, brother, all;
And envy cannot blame me.

Roch. Thus let my soul into thy bosom fly,
That I may feel the stroke of death for thee;
And when the fatal axe hangs o'er thy head,
O, may it lull thee, and not strike thee dead!
Softer than infants dream, or with less pain
Than 'tis to sleep, or to be born again.—

[*Ex. Roch. to execution.*

Queen. So, this is past and vanish'd! but behold
A greater yet—

Enter Diana, with the young Princess, and women.
Ah, kind Diana, wonderful and good!
The pity that thou shew'st thy dying friend,
This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Diana. Ah! royal mistress! England's falling star;
Best pattern that e'er earth receiv'd from Heaven—
I need not fear these eyes should see you die;
For ere that time just grief shall strike me dead,
Or torrents of these tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, now let me press thy little coral
With my dead pale ones now! and oh, let me [lips
Infuse some of thy mother's latest breath
In blessings on thy tender, blooming soul—

What's this that tempts me with a mother's fond-
To break my resolution, and upbraids me, [ness!
That I must leave thee to a father's rage,
And yet more cruel enemies to both?
Leave thee a lamb 'mongst wolves; for all who've
Thy mother's foes, will certainly be thine. [beca

Diana. Tigers nor devils! or, what's more in-
human,
Envy of mankind, cannot be so curs'd.

Queen. See, see, Diana! by my wrongs it weeps;
Weeps like a thing of sense, and not a child,
Why weeps my child?

Strive not for words; these little drops
Are far more eloquent than speech can be—

North. Remove the little princess
To her apartment; where we straight will come.

Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,
And with this kiss, that now must be my last,
Unlock a secret which heav'n dictates to me.

Thou, little child,
Shalt live to see thy mother's wrongs o'erpaid,
In many blessings on thy woman's state.

From this dark calumny, in which I set,
Thou like a star shalt rise,

And awe the southern world:

When this shall come to pass, the world shall see
Thy mother's innocence reviv'd in thee.

[*Exeunt women with the young Princess Eliza.*

Then let me go; heav'n chides my fond delay—
But tell the king, I say it as I just
Am going to die; I both forgive and bless him
And thank him as my kindest benefactor—
First from an humble maid he lifted me
To honour; then he took me to his bed,
The highest state that I could be on earth;
And now, as if he thought he ne'er could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to heav'n—

North. Lieutenant, lead the way.

Queen. Farewel, Diana. Farewel to you all.

[*Exit Queen to execution, with Northumberland and Guards.*]

Enter Piercy alone.

Pier. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now
A doing: else what means this sudden gloom
Clad o'er the morning sky, and all mankind?
A gen'ral consternation seizes all,
As if the universal empress of the world,
Nature itself were fled with Anna Bullen—

Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stained with the Queen's Blood.

Hast thou beheld this great eclipse of virtue?
Speak, is the queen beheaded? Hast thou done
As I commanded?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw perform'd,
Swift as a whirlwind, through the crowd I rush'd;
And as the blood from their rich vessels drain'd,
This linen with the sacred crimson stain'd.

Pier. Giv't me! and leave me to myself a moment.

Now, sacred drops, now, heav'nly nectar, first
I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying thirst—
What's this! I feel my soul beat at my wound,
And bid me to remember now's the time,
Now to let out life's navigable stream,
And mix it with this most celestial flood:
First, I'll descend by just degrees to earth,
Thus on my knees, and wing my soul to heav'n,

[*Kneels.*]

Where Anna Bullen waits her Piercy's coming.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good Diana—by those tears,
Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Diana. Alas, my lord, what have you done?
Your wound does bleed afresh!
Your looks are alter'd!

Ha! let me run and call for help—I'll fetch
Your father; fetch the king. Quick let me go—

Pier. Oh bear me to some horrid desert rather,
Where nought but tigers, wolves, and panthers
breed;

They are more merciful than king or parent.

Diana. Still, still your looks grow paler, and
your strength

Decays! Oh, let me call some help.

Pier. Grief steals by drops my blood and spirit
But, first, Diana, I'll be just to thee— [away.
I doubt if I have strength to rise again—

[*She raises him upon his knees.*]

My father made me vow to be your husband;
If I here die—I kneel that you'd forgive me;
But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.

Diana. You faint, you sink, you die; some
creature help— [Shows a handkerchief.
What's that I see? your blood! your vital blood.

Pier. Yes! of a heart far dearer than my own.
Now, now, my blood, my crowd of spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their standard fall.

Diana. Why stand I here,

And run not for the cure of both our lives?

For should I stay, I shall betray my love,
In dying with him.

[*Exit Diana running.*]

Pier. Thus, when the gen'rous lion feels the blood
Of his own royal master shed, like this,
Taking the lawn, stain'd with imperial gore,
He seeks revenge;

And, with his awful voice, revenge he calls;
But finding no relief,

Thus gently on it, as his death-bed, lies;

And with a groan, breaks his stout heart, and dies.

[*Dies.*]

Enter Northumberland and Gentlemen.

Gent. He's dead! alas, he's dead! We're come
too late!

North. Here let me fix, till my grey hairs shall
Or turn to snakes, to plague this aged head; [root,
This is a punishment for what my eyes
Unpitied saw; and now I feel, dear Piercy,
Thy father's curses on his own head turn,
And thou art blest'd; and I, alas! forlorn!

Enter King, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over? Whose dead
body's that?

North. 'Tis Piercy's: you and all good men
should weep;
For you have lost a faithful queen, and I a son.

King. Thy tongue's too bold! Are all the traitors
dead?

North. Norris and Rochford, and th' unhappy
Were all beheaded in one fatal hour: [queen,
Yet all the traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'st thou?
Say! who has 'scap'd?

North. The haughty Blunt, deck'd with
Her proudest ornaments of gold and jewels,
Came to behold their ends upon the scaffold,
And saw them with a hellish cruelty;
Till Anna Bullen's head, lopp'd from her body,
Fell upon that wretched woman's knees,
When straight the dreadful accident so struck her,
With sudden shriek she started into madness,
So fierce, that just and speedy death must follow;
Then uttering strange and horrid guilty speeches,
In her distraction she accus'd herself,
And Wolfey; talk'd that the queen was innocent;
Saying, the letters found within her closet
Were false, and plac'd by them to ruin her.

King. Where is the traitor, Wolfey?

North. Fled to Ether.

King. Go you in person, and secure the villain?
Many foul causes claim his forfeit life;
But if I find him guilty in the least
Of a contrivance with this cursed woman,
(Though the queen justly merited her end)
I'll rack his soul out with a thousand tortures.

North. 'Twould be some joy to my revenge and
Piercy's.

King. For thy son's death, thy king shall be a
mourner—

Now Heav'n vouchsafe to pardon till this time,
What I by sycophants advice have done;
I will be absolute, and reign alone:
For where's a statesman fam'd for just and wise,
But makes our failings fill his aim to rise?
If subjects thus their monarchs wills restrain,
'Tis they are kings; for them we idly reign:
Then I'll first break the yoke; this maxim still
Shall be my guide, "A prince can do no ill!"
In spite of slaves, his genius let him trust,
For Heav'n ne'er made a king, but made him just,



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